# BY PETLURA'S MEN

Polish Port Wrested From Forces Favoring Allied Course-Prince Says Conditions Are Terrible.

WARSAW, Dec. 27. (By the Associated Press.)—Forces commanded by stiurs, Ukrainian leader, drove Gen. Skoropadski from Klev on Sunday, Dec. 15. Petlura himself entered the city last. Thursday, Prince Radziwill, wealthy Polish landowner, secaped and has reached here with other refugees, which include 400 Russian officers driven out of the district of Dubo by peasants.

which include 400 Russian officers driven out of the district of Dubno by peasants. Prince Radziwill said to the Associated Press upon his arrival here:

"Kiev is calm again. The shops are open and it is still occupied by 10,000 German troops amer Gen. Kirbach. The horrors of anarchy in that country, especially in the Volkynia district, can not be realized. I have seen how handlords, and their managers have been cruelly assaulted and beaten by peasants and turned out naked in the bitter cold. They have begun to ill-treat women, which is something new to Bolshevism. For instance, if they can not find the husband or father they wish to arrest, they take the wife, mother or daughter.

"I escaped dressed as a railroad employe, on a train currying a number of German soldiers, a few women and some civilian passengers. At every station it was a fight to get by. The peasants are robbing and disarming German soldiers everywhere, being infuriated because of German thefts of grain and food. It is estimated possibly 100,000 Germans are still left in Ukraine, but only those in Kiev are armed. I believe they will eventually make their escape. Throughout all of Ukraine, which is inhabited by 30,000,000 people, conditions must be regarded as being absolutely chaotic."

It is stated that the defeat of Gen. Skoropadski may be attributed to the fact that two months ago, under allied advice, he proclaimed Ukraine a part of Russia, whereas the peasants want that country to be independent. It is declared he thus played into the hands of Petlura, who promised land grants to every man who has served as a solder under him.

A message from Dangle says the Germans are dismanting the port and carrying off all of the dock machinery, fearing the arrival of allied forces. It is also rumored that the pease conference may give that port to Poland. Odessa is reported to be again in

also rumored that the peace conference may give that port to Poland.

Odessa is reported to be again in Bolshevist hands after the defeat of Polish troops near that city.

### THREE JACKSON CITIZENS STRICKEN BY PARALYSIS

JACKSON, Miss.; Dec. 27. (Spl.)-hree well-known Jackson men have Three well-known Jackson men days had strokes of paralysis since Christ-mas morning, and one is in a serious condition with little chance of re-

w. W. Downing, chance of recovery.
W. W. Downing, chancey clerk of Hinds county, and one of the best-known men in this section of the state, suffered a stroke while at the Union station Christmas morning. His left side is paralyzed and physicians are unable yet to state what chance he has to recover.

unable yet to state what chance he has
to recover.
Frank Spengler, another of Jackson's
best-known mem also suffered a stroke
Christmas day and his condition is regarded as extremely critical.
John Morgan, employe of the Illinois
Central freight department, suffered a
stroke Thursday morphing. He is also
a lifelong resident of Jackson. Doctors
do not fear for his life, but they can
not tell how far he will recover yet.

### ANNUAL ELECTION FOR **COTTON MEN JAN. 8**

Politics will soon share the interest of the cotton trade with the fluctuations in prices. The annual election of efficers of the exchange will be held Jan. 8, and a keen contest is anticipated.

According to the custom of the organization the mominees for president will be from the buying side of the trade, as the factors had the place for

trade, as the factors had the place for the year now drawing to a close, in the person of W. Lytle McKee.

The board of directors has chosen the following two nominating committees: No. 1—Gwynne Yerger, chairman, T. P. Beane, S. Gordon Brent, Ben G. Hum-phreys: No. 2—E. F. Webber, chair-man; G. L. Cronkrite, J. A. Evans, Jr., Jerome Fentress.

# FORMER RESIDENT OF CITY TO BE BURIED HERE

The funeral of Mrs. Clara W. Cohen. aged 50, formerly a well-known resident of Memphis, who died at her home in New York Christmas, will be held Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock from the residence of Abe Goodman. 159 East Parkway. The body will arrive here Saturday. Dr. W. H. Fine-sariber will officiate and burial will be made in the Jewish cometery.

Mrs. Cohen spant 30 years of her life as a resident of Memphis. She was born here. Her father was Capl. Fred Wolf. a noted Civif war veteran. Mrs. Cohen is survived by her husband. Leuis Cohen; a daughter. Miss Pearl Cohem and sisters, Mrs. Abe Goodman, Mrs. C. S. Eckstone and Mrs. Albert Hattendorf, and a step-brother, L. L. Putz.

## COME TO SEE SIGHTS: **NEGRO IS NOW \$15 SHORT**

Dan Owens, negro, of Beasley, Ark., came to Memphis to enjoy Christmas, invested in a money-sarning scheme with a couple of strangers and is new loser of \$15. Owens asked police Friday to get his money back.

The pigeon-dropping scheme took place at Main street and Beale avenue early Monday night. Owens told Capt. Kehoe the men left \$25 in bogus money with him as security and skipped out.

# "FRIEND" IS MISSING SO IS SLEEPER'S \$46

James Taylor, of Fort Logan H. Roots, Little Rock, Ark., stopping at a local hotel, is minus \$46 which he alleges a friend, giving the name of Frank Doerr, 18 years old, took while he siept at the hotel Thursday night.

Taylor awakened Friday and missed the money, He had been working, with Doerr, he told police, about three months at the New Qrieans, La., government fleet. Police are looking for Doerr.

# KILLED IN ACTION.

BRISTOL, Tenn. Dec. 27. (Spl.)—
Thedford Fleenor, son of N. C. Fleenor, of Bristol, was killed in France
Nov. I. according to a message received here. Young Fleenor was serving with the engineers and was killed
by shell fire. A letter from his captain stated that he died like a soldier
while doing his duty.

# CADETS DISCHARGED.

BRISTOL, Tenn., Dec. 27. (Spl.)—Fifty-one young men, forming the S.A.T.C. at King college here, have been demobilized, following 90 days of service. The boys were assembled on the campus, where the orders of the day were read, the flar lowered for the last time and the formal discharge paper's handed them. The address was delivered by Lieut. Horshaur.

# CONTINUE ROLL CALL.

CAMDEN, Ark., Dec. 27. (Spl.)—It was announced by County Chairman Louis Baueriein that the Christmas roll call will be continued until Jan. 16 on account of inclement weather and the epidemic of influenza.

# GETS CADETSHIP.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, (Spl.)— Congressman Caraway of Arkansas has tendered an appointment to West Point to Aubrey C. Estes, of Corning, Ark. The entrance examinations will be held March 18.

# "WRAPPED IN SILK"

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Author of "Sudden Jim", "The Source"

HE sea was the color of slate upon which oil has been poured; its move-ment was not a roll but an undulation, as if it sleepily flexed its muscles. Suddenly the surface of the ocean was disturbed—an infinitesimal bubble of dis-turbance in a universe of placidity. For an in-stant it reminded one of the wake of a tiny animal swimming across a pond—of a muskrat making his crossing. At first it barely broke the surface of the water; then it erected itself gradually, sinisterly, like the tentacle of some obscene creature of the depths—a tentacle bearing the creature's eye. It was the periscope of a sub-

On her deck appeared a man in the uniform of an officer of the Imperial German Navy. For half an hour he stood on the constricted deck until to the eastward appeared a vague blot which seemed to spread along and cling to the surface of the water. The officer turned suddenly and went below. The opening closed itself and the vessel began slowly to move—as slowly to disappear. It submerged itself until only a fragment of the periscope remained

above the surface, and there it waited.

The vague blot on the horizon approached, became distinctly the trail of smoke billowing from the funnels of an ocean liner. Then the vessel itself, painted in fantastic designs and colors, issued from nothingness. Nearer and nearer it came, until one might have seen the captain on his bridge scanning the waters about him with unmistakable anxiety. The liner had been displaying no flag. Suddenly from herstern broke out the Stars and Stripes above a flag of white. Her engines stopped. Officers in uniform might be seen passing about the decks, obvi-ously reassuring the passengers. Suddenly a man shouted, "Periscope—there's a periscope!"

Instantly there was confusion. Some rushed to the rail to view the spectacle, some scurried below to seize life-preservers and valuables, and to return frantically to take their appointed trat-stations. The periscope lengthened itself into the view of the men and women on the liner until presently the untersee boat lay at a distance of fifty yards, deck above the wash of the sea.
Once more her hatch opened itself to the

officer who had scrutinized the sea with his glasses half an hour before. He was followed by two seamen, one of whom hoisted the German flag above a flag of white. The second sailor carried a megaphone, which he passed to his

superior.
The officer took it and shouted to the bridge of the liner, "I have your passengers. Send a boat to take them aboard." There was no trace of German accent in his speech.

A BOAT let itself down spiderwise, and presently was being pulled toward the submarine, on whose deck, in obedience to the summons of the German officer, appeared

The boat drew alongside the submarine, the women were helped to descend, salutes were exchanged, and the small boat drew away. Before it had covered a dozen yards the submarine was again sealed, her decks bare, and she was beginning to sink beneath the sea. By the time the boat reached the liner she had disappeared. Had it not been for the two heavily veiled women in the boat the passengers might have fancied there had come to them an exceptionally vivid dream.

They had seen something which no logical mind could grasp; they had witnessed the impossible. They had, with their own eyes, perceived a friendly passage between a German submarine and a liner flying the flag of the United States. It is no wonder they guessed crazily. The craziest guess fell short of the

Thirty days prior to this date there met in a certain famous building in Berlin half a dozen men whose word and wills controlled the des-tinies of the Teutonic Empires. They sat in their discuss newest of their enemies, with the potentialityfor harm there might lie in that enemy.

Presently a woman entered the room slowly. She moved with the lithe grace of youth, with a certain splendor of movement possible only to women whom Nature has taken pains in the forming. She was veiled, but one hoped her face was as beautiful as her figure. It would have been impious to set other than a beautiful head

"The features of Mademoiselle are known only to me-to no other soul," said the Chief. "So long as none but my self know her to be in my employ she is invaluable. If one other knows, even yourself, her value is decreased by half."
"With your Majesty's permission," she said in a clear, musical voice, a voice that was not

German. "You are French?" "No, Majestat."
"Belgian?"
"No, Majestat."
"What then?" "What your Majesty pleases."

THE Kaiser smiled grimly. "Proceed," he ordered.
"I must be set down in America by means which will at once make me conspicuous and place me above suspicion. This is my plan. I shall proceed to Belgium, where I shall take up my residence. I have selected the spot. I shall make one woman friend. I have selected the friend. She is young and beautiful-and patri-

otic."
"Patriotic?" "She loves Belgium."
"Ab——!"

"With her I shall plot to free prisoners of war. We shall be detected, tried, sentenced. The Edith Cavell episode repeated, Majesfät." The Emperor frowned. The name Cavell was not grateful to his ears.

"Proceed."

"There will be an outcry from England and America. Germany will be obdurate. The world will ring with the matter. Finally Majestat will intervene. He will pardon the crime of myself and my friend upon condition that we accept exile in America. It shall be stipulated that we be placed on board an American-bound vessel and shall not return to Europe for the duration of the war. It will be done. We will be received in America as heroines—myself and my friend who is indeed a patriotic Belgian. I shall be a Belgian. Hemantecedents are plain and beyond

dispute. As her companion in the plot, mine will be the same. She is genuine, Alayestat, She shall never suspect me. We shall be together always. She is beautiful and will be of assistance. Americans, Majestat, are said to be susceptible to beauty."

"We shall reside in Washington, Majestat. The rest will be easy. If the impossible occurs and suspicion arises, I shall throw it upon my companion. I shall borrow her identity. How will she prove it? It will not be myself who is suspected of apying, Majestai."
"The plan is good," said the Kaiser. "It has

'I'll leave him to save your lives, then," said the captain. "But be gentle with him. He is not long out of the hospital."

Ah, a blesse," exclaimed MademoiselleRuchel. "You are going home to recover from your wound?"

"It was hardly worth calling a wound, Mad-emoiselle, I really had to argue with the doctor to get a wound chevron. He was all of the opinion I hadn't been hart enough to deserve one.

'It must have been more than a scratch to compel you to go home to America." said Mademoiselle Renec, her eyes studying the Major's face intently as the striving to read the alightest message conveyed by its expression



A little hand slid out of the darkness and fumbled with the Major's hair, seeking a place to strike

YO IT was that within the month the world rang with a second Edith Cavell outrage. Two women were detected in the act of I'wo women were detected in the act of plotting to liberate prisoners of war. Both were young. Both were declared to be beautiful. Both were reported as members of splendid Belgian families—and both were sentenced to be shot. England flamed with protest; America reached a fire of rage. Neutral nations intervened. But Germany was obdurate. A crime had been committed and purishment must be

had been committed and punishment must be meted out. That was justice; that was efficiency. As a last resort, the combined diplomatic corps of the remaining neutral nations waited upon the Kaiser and laid the matter before him. He was reluctant to receive them or to hear of the was reluctant to receive them or to hear of the matter, but so ably did they present their case that, graciously and with compassion for the unfortunate and misguided, he gave his imperial promise to intervene—in case, and only in case, the guilty women should be exiled from Europe and held as prisoners or as guests of the nation in America for the duration of the war. This was quickly acceded to and the details arranged.

And so it was that a German submarine made a peaceful rendexyous with an American liner.

And so it was that a German submarine made a peaceful rendezvous with an American liner. So it was that two beautiful young women came to be aboard the Puritania. It was, however, Chance that made Major Douglas Land a voyager on that return trip, Major Douglas Land of the Artillery, on special service.

The two women who had been put aboard the

liner by the submarine were, so confirmed rumor had it, Mademoiselle Renée Saxe and Mademoiwomen who had been detected by the German military authorities in Belgium in the act of plotting to aid in the escape of French and English prisoners. They had been sentenced to death, and the world had been waiting with horror the announcement of the carrying out of the sentence.

THE girls looked enough alike to be sisters, yet there was a certain dissimilarity, perhaps more of manner and expression than of feature, which made one hesitate almost to believe they were of the same race. Mademoiselle Renée possessed a vivacity of expression and of move-ment that seemed more Gaelic than Belgian; perhaps with something of the Slav lurking in the background. Mademoiselle Rachel gave an impression of repose, of acuteness also. She did not fit into one's preconceived ideas of a Belgian girl, but might have been American with a few drops of the French-Canadian blood, or even with some descent from an ancestor who had been a liegeman of the Sobieskis. Neither girl was of the obvious type. Both were of the sort who make a man look and then consider and come back again to check up his conclusions. Inevitably he would conclude that his deductions had been erroneous. The beauty of each was touched with the exotic; was of that alluring type which cries out to men and demands

ing type which cries out to men and demands their homage.

Major Douglas Land, wearing a wound stripe earned at Catigny; now journeying to America on special duty, occupied a chair from which he was able covertly to watch the two girls throughout the meal. The Major was young, as were the gold leaves on his shoulders. He had come to France a lieutenant. In five months his efficiency and intelligence had won him not only rapid promotion but no mean measure of distinction for gallantry on the field of action. He was young, and these strange girls were beautiful and interesting. Therefore, the Major delayed not at all, but carried himself to tha Captain of the vessel, with whom he was al-ready on terms of friendship. In a moment he had persuaded the Captain to introduce him. The girls looked up as the captain approached

with the young officer.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "of bringing Major Land to you. He seemed to be afraid you might die of loneliness. May horesent him?"

"But certainly," said Mademoiselle Rachel Laurens, smiling up at Major Land gayly. Mademoiselle Saxe smiled, too, but with mene restraint, with something more of formality,

"Oh," he said easily, "it is not my wound that sends me to America."
"Ah," said Rachel, "a mission! But I am

"A mission? Oh, no indeed. I have been in France a year." He held up his arm to display the two golden service chevrons, each repre-senting six months spent overseas. "Now I am being sent home to teach our new army what I have learned."

AND was uncomfortably conscious that both girls were scrutinizing him more closely, more interestedly, than was natural new acquaintances casually curious. For an in-stant he held the impression that both of them were trying to pry inside his mind to see what was there—for some ulterior purpose. It startled him, and he turned from one to the other quickly, appraisingly. The impression vanished, and he smiled to himself and at himself.

Land's only regret was that he could not sit so as to watch both the girls at once. It was im-

possible to say which was the more beautiful. As he glanced at Renée he told himself she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen until he looked again at Rachel. It was disturbing, but pleasantly disturbing. No young man could have a pleasanter problem to worry him than which of two beautiful women was the lovelier. He shrugged his shoulders slightly. Long days on shipboard lay ahead of him in which to

solve it.
"Let us promenade," suggested Rachel, and ther they made the circuit of the deck again and again, chatting gaily, with Land the envy of every man aboard. "It is a wenderful feeling to be bound for America, away from all that," she waved her hand backward toward war-weary Europe, "to be crossing the ocean away from battles and intrigues and suffering—and from spies, spies, spies! You can not imagine the feeling of that, Major. My country is eaten up by German spies. They are everywhere. You are suspicious of every one. \*It will be wonderful to be in a land where one may speak freely and act without fear. I have been watched,

"OURS has been a dreadful experience," Land said soberly.

"It isn't so terrible to die," said Mademoiselle Renée with straight lips, "but to be

demonstrate render with straight tips, "but to be tolled to your death by a spy—"
"I'm afraid we are not free from them, even in America," Land said. "The German Secret Service has a long arm." "And unserupulous fingers," said Rachel

with eyes that glowed soberly. As they made the turn around the end of the cabin they came suddenly face to face with the man Ballard who had arrested the captain a short time before, the returning correspondent with the "C" on his arm-band. It was almost "Pardon," said Ballard, stepping back, and

waiting with an air of expectancy. girls. For some incomprehensible reason he had taken a dislike to the man; there existed an antipathy which he would have been hard put to it

Who is that man?" asked Renée, turning to look after him.
"A newspaper correspondent. For what

paper I do not know." "American?"
"Yes, Mademoiselle." She turned her head and walked on silently,

but there was a little pucker to her brows as if she were straining her memory for something that eluded her. "I don't think I like him," she said presently. "I think I shall go below and lie down," said Rachel after a few minutes more of walking.

The exercise tires me." "And I, too," said Renée. "Au revoir, Monsieur, and thank you for coming to our rescue."
"May I rescue you again?"
"But certainly," said Rachel, looking at him

directly with something very like challenge in

her eyes. "We shall be lonely, shall we not

They disappeared, nor did they reappear until the gong sounded for the evening meal. Land sat in his deck-chair and smoked furiously, while he considered them and compared them and admired them. He could visualize them clearly, for both were vivid types, yet as he looked at them with the eye of his recollection. he could not tell which he would choose were he to be given the choice. His own conclusion was that it was a toss up and God help the hapless

Altho it was rather late, Major Land did not go below. He remained on deck chatting with his newly found acquaintances until they re-tired, then he paced the darkened deck, making the black rounds again and again. Not a light was visible on board, every opening, every port-hole was heavily acreened. Even the moment-ary light that flashed from a door being opened and closed was hidden from the eye of a possible lurking submarine by a spread of canvas. It was like walking in a tunnel. Black forms would spring suddenly out of the darkness, so suddenly that collisions were oft-times unavoidable. One had to guess his way, and as for finding the entrance to the cabin it was not to be done. One waited until somebody opened the door, and then darted for the brief flash of light.

TAND sat down to watch the phosphorescent water as it broke into silver flame against the vessel's side. He was young. He had been thrown into sudden contact with romance and with seductive beauty, and his head was not altogether steady as he re-acted to it. His thought was rueful. "If there were only one of them," was the motif of his reflections. It was his mature judgment, after a year in the camps and trenches, removed from pleasures, in a world destitute of women, that he could with facility love either of his new friends-if the

other were not there to interfere.

"Confound it," he muttered, "I can't fall in love with both of them. I don't know what this year's rules are, but last year that wasn't being

He sat back and closed his eyes comfortably. It was good to rest. For a year he had had no moment of rest, and this complete idleness, this remoteness from the world, from the great and grim business which occupied all the world, was very pleasant. He drowsed.
Some one awakened him by stumbling

against a nearby chair. "I'm through banging around this deck is the dark." a surly voice said. "Sit down here."
"Well?" said another voice presently, a low, sweet, pleasant woman's voice." "It's not in his cabin."

"You are sure?"
"I learned how to search in a school that tolerates few mistakes."
"He is known to have it, it is even known what it looks like and its size.'

"Yes, a little packet, thin as a letter and no rger, wrapped in yellow oiled silk." Major Land sat very still, but he was wide awake and alert now. A tiny packet, the size of a letter, wrapped in oiled silk! He knew what that was, for it was that packet that carried him to America. He listened to America. He listened.

"The thing is not in his cabin. He must carry it with him." "He looks like the sort who would sleep with it in his mouth," said the woman. Her voice was pitched so low that Land could barely catch her words. He fancied the voice was familiar ere was a note in it that called to something in

his ecollection.
"Where is he, anyhow?" "Prowling about the decks."
Land strained his ear to catch the slightest one of those faint voices -to recognize them, to identify them. Every nerve was alive now and quivering. He knew he was the quarry and that

here were the hunters-and he knew how pre-

rious to his country and to the cause of the

Allies was the tiny packet he carried. THE couple arose after a silence and moved slowly toward Land, fumbling their way in the blackness. The man tripped over a deck-chair, staggered—and sprawled upon Land, uttering an imprecation. As if by instinct the men grappled; Land with a known enemy, the spy with an unknown who had been an eaves. dropper. His hands flew to Land's throat, stopped an instant at his shoulder as it touched the gold leaf indicating military rank.

"It's Land," the man said savagely.

The Major twisted sidewise, holding his antagonist off with his left hand while he placed his right against his chair and heaved upward. He was not in the pink of condition, not the clean, powerful athlete of the days before his wound, but he was, even in his convalescence an antagonist to approach with caution. He struggled to his feet, lifting his assailant with him and for an instant they swayed, then pitched to the deck with Land uppermost. He tore free one hand and struck twice quickly,

powerfully.

"He's on top," grated the man's voice.

A little hand came out of the darkness and fumbled over the Major's hair, a goft little hand.

Land snatched for it, but it eluded him, and he was conscious of the contact of soft silk. As thoughts have an absurd way of doing at strange moments, this one flashed through his mind: both wrapped in silk, the woman spy, the precious packet --

His antagonist heaved and struggled silently; Land did not think of calling for assistance, somehow the idea did not occur to him. He was the sort to fight his own battles. Again that soft hand touched his hair-locating it, placing it. Then it seemed to Land as if a high explosive shell had struck close to his side. There was a paralyzing shock, the shock of the impact of something hard and round against his skull. It was repeated. Land's muscles relaxed, his grip slackened, he collapsed upon his enemy. The soft hand had not hesitated to arm itself and to strike. They rolled him over on his back. The man

flashed a light on the sprawling body as they knelt beside him, and with hands accustomed by training, they searched him swiftly, efficiently. "I have it," whispered the man.
"Give it to me."

You may go right on with this story in Pictorial Review for January-Now on sale

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Major Land of the U.S. Army has been struck a dastardly blow and the precious packet filched from his inert body.

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How is he spending his leisure hours?

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